MANAGERIA WALLER TO BUT IN THE OTHER I recog-JAS. PIERCE, INDIAN FIGHTER

Sturdy Veteran Tells the Story of Stirring Personal Experlances in Utah in the Old Ploneer Days Before the Redskins Became Peaceable-Some Thrilling Adventures as Related to the "News" by an Indian War

started back to camp, where they were packing up. On the way I was halted by a big buck Indian, who tried to take

my rifle from me. In the struggle I could have shot him, but I knew that

such an act would precipitate our mas-

sacre, I got into camp, dodging arrows, and found that the Indians had

run off our beef cattle and about every-thing else they wanted. We moved eight miles that day, however. Father 'McConnell carried George A. in front of him, on his saddle, until he died, about

eight miles out. We could only bury

"Again we fell into the hands of the Indians and for three nights in succession they kept us up with their frightful yells. They would charge on

us, but turn back at sight of our lev-

him there on the desert.

Evononous unannous unannous unannous unannous de la company de la compan AMES PIERCE-scout, frontiers- I said, "but I will go," I took the water man, and veteran of the Indian out, and gave Brother Smith a drink. He then told the story of his encount-er. I could not move him alone, So I wars-has told the "News" the

there was a time, a half-century ago, when the name of "Jime" Pierce was ere to conjure with in this section. He was known by white men and redskins sike, and the latter held his name in little reverence. Now, Mr. Plerce ga resident of Jewett, San Juan coun-U. N. M. For the first time in 45 years visited Salt Lake during the confrence just closed, and with him came his old pal, Ira Hatch, the man in those company he has often eaten rawlide from saddles to avoid starvation. A few of the incidents of his life ter related by Mr. Pierce the other

with a certain quaint modesty "as came here in 1852," said "Jim", e, "and settled at Payson. I heard he gun fired that killed Alex Keel, the entirel, and opened the hestilities of be Walker war. I served in the militia rough that war, and in '53 was seseted as one of the three to bring about The others were and Frank Johnson. ent to the Ute Indian camp near Sait t in under a flag of truce. Utes to agree to give up stock in their possession, and ated the treaty of peace ere was an Indian lying near, by the there was an indigate lying hear, by the tame of "Pansook," that had been wounded at the battle of the Canes, and was dying slowly. Every time he ground in pain, peace negotiation; would stop, and the warriors would discuss our death, and the best manner f taking us off. Then we would talk by our lives, for there is no human ing more revengeful than the Indian, t any rate we got the peace treaty

AFTER BLACK HAWK.

In 1857, I remember going with Nels Spafford and a company of 10 up Span-ish Fork canyon into Uintah valley to ish Fork canyon into Ulatan valley to capture Black Hawk, who had a band of 15 Indians and about the same number of head of stolen cattle. We didn't want to capture him, as I remember it. skhough that was our mission. We feared that there would be nobody to turn us loose if we captured him. But we made the trip through three feet of snow, and were subjected to terrific exjosure, and forced to give up. I believe it was in that same year

that we went out to annihilate Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and his ekbird at 20 paces, if both barrels Bufalo Bill in his paimiest days could not have hit a mark as big as Ensign peak. It is, indeed, a wonder, under these circumstances, that Albert Sidney Johnston ever lived to join the con-

SMOOTH INDIANS.

Finally, I moved south when they regan to settle Washington county.
Thile living at St. George, I was in
militia and served the three years the Navajo war. Those Indians stole of my horses three different times, and I followed them and got the animais back each time. In 1858, I was called to go on the White Mountain mission, under Col. Wm. H. Dame. In went on the Moke Indian mission, and again in 1860, under President Ja-So was Amos Thornton and aylor Crosby. We camped the secend night out in a little rock house, keeping the horses tied up, of course. Crosby was next to the last guard, and me up to take the last guard. old him, when he called me, that it was o cold for mortal man to live on he had better let the horses go and some to bed. So he did. A little later, use before daylight, we heard the chirping of crickets. I thought it was very queer, in the dead of winter, and went Before daylight the Indians d stolen a pistol from under Crosby's flow, and our blankets, bridles, boots and about everything of consequence that we owned. Then we made the in-eresting discovery that they had tak-

BLUFFED THE INDIANS.

after them, on foot. We followed er trail through the snow for five that Bob Lloyd had been riding. e caught it, made a rope bridle, and I onsented to go on after the redskins, followed for 15 miles and found them little wash. I was within rods of our horses before I realized ving being was nearby. The re throwing ropes at them. Not owing any other course to pursue, I make together my nerve, and charged. full speed towards them and made a stand. But the ruse had its ef-They were stunned for the motent, thinking I might have a thousand still yelling my lungs up the horses and ran up the bank and away, at full d. A perfect shower of arrows fol-d me, but fortunately, I was not I got the horses into camp all righ

ith George A. Smith. band of 400 Navajos Humbered only nine-Haskell, Jacob Hamung, Ira Hatch, Father Smith and myself, and Mrs. Ira's wife was a Plute Ine had Indian blood in very refined womanmade preparations to camped on a nigh point were entertained all war dance and frightful The Indians had us ounded and were ready us in the morning, if their frighten us into submissucceed. At daybreak, Smith went to water the a half-mile away. While belonging to Smith ran of Navajo ponies that going by. Smith went naturally, and he colup of Indians. One of m about the legs and shot him three times h the kidneys, with his own a the sheard the shots up at the mistrusted that George A. killed. When the Indiana away we could see him try to get but fall back each time. We knew he was badly wounded. Presi-mlin called for younters to the wounded man water.

DEATH OF SMITH.

my. I carried a double-barreled bird un that, possibly, could have killed a ere discharged at once, and an old-shloned "pepper-box," with which

"JIM" PIERCE, Noted Indian Scout, Fighter and Frontiersman.

eled rifles. They are awful cowards in a case of that kind. But through the perfldy of an Indian who pretended to be friendly, we were led into the camp of an old Ute who had joined the Navajos as a chief, named Spanish Hank, and he was one of the fiercest in all New Mexico. We were made captives, but our lives were saved through the intercession of a civilized Indian boy known as Enos, who had joined

UNIQUE PUNISHMENT.

"In 1862, I went to Callville, on the Big Colorado, to help Anson Call build a warehouse. With Harvey Mangum, I started home after the job was completed. We were traveling afoot with plenty of luggage to carry. We came onto the camp of an Indian named Toshoab on Virgin hill. His braves had George Patter and Orville Symons surrounded in their wagon. We Interceded, and nearly talked our heads off for their release when I discovered, suddenly, that the fellows had whipped up and were going like a streak of greased lightning in their out. I., while we remained in custody, on foot. While there, I noticed a brave wearing a coat that I recognized as belonging to an Englishman who used to live at St knew that two men were expected in that vicinity from St. George the day following, and putting two and two together, came to the conclusion that the Englishman had been murdered. We got away after a long wait and started had traveled three or four miles when we saw two Indians coming towards us on the dead run. We worked a ruse that sent them beyond the point where we hid in the bushes and when they turned back, they looked into our guns. With a weapon leveled at them, we could do as we pleased. I released one of them and started him towards I counts

The question which now agitates them, is the scating of Senator Smoot.

The women, the wives, and the mothers,
Are wanting on platforms to go;
They got up some lengthy petitions,
For making him sit down below;
But what will become of the husbands,
The homes, and the children to boot,
If such things are all they can think of—
Petitions and Senator Smoot?

My wife gives him to me for breakfast,
At luncheon he's thrown at my head.
When dinner time comes he's the topic,
I hear his name even in bed;
For refuge I fly to the clubhouse,
The papers there cause me to hoot;
The first words I see on their pages
Are all about Schater Smoot.

I go on the street just to view him
But in the endeavor I fall.
For never a man can I see there
Supplied with two horns and a tail;
Talk of wives hanging on to his coattalls,
Each day he would need a new suit;
There'd not be a rag to hold on to
If my wife got Senator Smoot.

I get up and dress in the morning.
No button is where it should be.
I have to put pins in some piaces,
And sew up a rent in my knee;
If I could have more wives and daugh-

ters.
A horn I'd forevermore toot—
There can't be a button that's loose
The raiment of Senator Smoot,

I'd have to get up on a shelf.
They talk of a seat for a "Mermon,"
I cen't find a seat for myself.
If I have to endure it much longer,
I'll pack up my grip and I'll secot.
And take up a section of wives there
In Utah, with Senator Smoot.

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"ORRINE' cured my husband, who was a steady drunkard for many years. He now has no desire for stimulants, his health is good and he is fully restored to manhood. He used only five boxes of 'ORRINE."

The work of the grutter, homeless and friendless. I was powerless to resist the craving and would steal and life to get whiskey. Four boxes of 'ORRINE' cured me of all desire and I now hate the smell of liquor." Price \$1 per box. Mailed in plain, sealed wrapper by Orrine Company, \$17 14th St., Washington, D. C. Interesting book—Treat-ise on Drunkenness, (sealed) free on request.

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"You're not afraid to go, are you. Phone 1070-K.

"Oh, yes, I am,"

nized the murderer of the Englishman. The coat had been riddled with builets

The most punishment we could inflict, without killing him, was to put our packs on his back and run him for 30 miles that day. I give you my word, we made the fellow carry that hundred

pounds of luggage a distance of 30 miles in that one day. He was unable to walk without pain the next day and

'I was out on the Ute trail once, and ran out of provisions. With Wm. Lytle and James Smithson, we lived for sev-

ral days on cedar berries, and then

Indian scouting is a fair life-sometimes. But I believe I'm through with

And the rugged old veteran resumed

LAMENTATION FROM THE

They're having great doings in Congress,
The people are making a row.
Because a man sent out from Utah,
Would join in their solemn pow-wow;
The men there, the lights of the nation,
And all through the country to boot,
Are fighting to keep him from taking.
His seat there, this Senator Smoot.

Wherever they happen to meet, All think that their mission on earth is, To keep him from taking his seat; They used to preach, "Do unto others,"

The ministers here in the churches,

had to roast the rawhide on our sad-

went off and left him.

his exploration of the city.

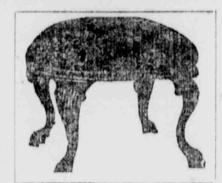
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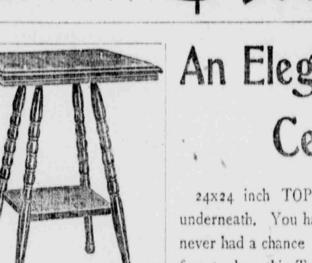


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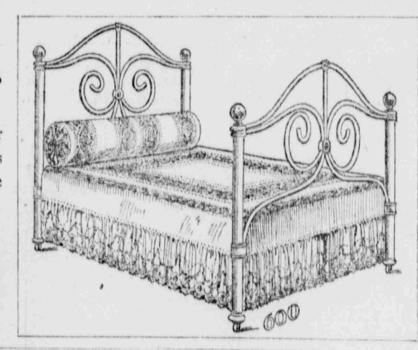
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